

Sammi Smith**"Sunday Morning Coming Down"**

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(Kris Kristofferson)

Well I woke up Sunday morning
With no way to hold my head that didn't hurt
And the beer I had for breakfast wadn't bad
So I had one more for desert
Then I fumbled through my closet to my clothes
And found my cleanest dirty shirt
Then I washed my face and combed my hair
And stumbled down the stairs to greet the day.

Well I'd smoke my brain the night before
With cigarettes and songs that I'd been picking
But I lit my first and watched the small kid
Cursin' at a can that he was kicking
Then across the empty street
I caught the Sunday smell of someone fryin' chicken
And it took me back to something
I'd lost somewhere somehow along the way.

On the Sunday morning sidewalk wishing Lord that I
was stoned
Cause there's something in a Sunday that makes a
body feel alone
And there's nothing sure to dying half as lonesome as
the sound
Of the sleeping city sidewalk and Sunday morning
coming down.

In the park I saw a daddy
With the laughing little girl he was swinging
And I stopped beside a Sunday school
And listened to the song they were singing
Then I headed back for home
And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringing
And it echoed through the canyons
Like the disappearing dreams of yesterday.

On the Sunday morning sidewalk wishing Lord that I
was stoned
Cause there's something in a Sunday that makes a

body feel alone
And there's nothing sure to dying half as lonesome as
the sound
Of the sleeping city sidewalk and Sunday morning
coming down.

Om the sleeping city sidewalk and Sunday morning
coming down...

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